

THE BEAVTIE OF  
THE REMARKABLE  
Yeare of Grace, 1638.

The Yeare of the great Co-  
venant of Scotland.

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By T. H.

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# THE YEER OF GRACE,

1 6 3 8.



HO'll favour me with  
winges, that I may flee  
To glories Mount, where Laureat  
Poets bee?  
Fill mee with sacred fire, You  
gentle Nine,  
Inspire mee with your Gaities Divine,  
Tune my Theorbe, sweet sisters, stretch the string  
Yet higher, that she may more sweetly sing.  
Hence all you Soul-dividing cares, go hence,  
You heart afflicting griefs, and but dispense  
A little with your Captive, let mee play  
Within a paradise but one poor day:  
Remove your anger, your sad wrath forbear,  
Till I do sing the beautie of a year;  
In which luxurious amorous, Heaven doth woe  
His Mistres Earth, with smiles upon his brow,  
And would invite each Gentle Sprite to be  
A Poet of this epithalamie.



*The Yeare of Grace, 1638.*

Heer all you smyling fancies, hasten heere  
You nobler raptures of Apolloes Lyre,  
And throng within my breast, all you Ideas  
Within his Cabinet, come if you please  
And my poor soul enrich, come all which may  
Teach a young wanton bashfull pen to play.  
For now great HE, who stretch'd the azure round  
About this hanging Ball, hath all things crown'd  
With his best blessings, willing men rejoyce  
In libertie of soul with thankfull voice  
'Tis he that's cloathed with light, and dwels in thunder,  
Displayes this gracious Year, great Year of wonder,  
A yeare, which shall unto all nations be  
A common talk, This our felicitie  
Shall be the measure of their souls desire,  
And pattern of their wishes, when th'aspire  
At such joy, peace, harmonie, and blesse  
As this Great year of our Great Covenant is  
In which are opened the eyes of Nations all.  
And fill'd with wonder, thus when our Nephews shall  
Ask at their fathers what this year did meane,  
(For after yeares from hence shall date their tyme  
In Almanackes, and in our historie  
This year of joy gold letters shall descry)  
The Sage and Eldrs shall their children teach  
How heavens the glade wings of their love did stretch  
Upon the humble earth, and they shall tell  
How in these blessed dayes the land was full  
With sweetnesse of the Lord, even as we see  
The waters great which covereth the Sea  
They shall informe them how contract did passe  
'Twixt heavens, and earth, that so this great year was  
Year



*The Yeare of Grace, 1638.*

Year of the feast, in signe that there shall stand  
Betwixt them an Eternall Covenant;  
And now each Soul is fill'd with joy, each Man  
To tell posteritie hath pen in hand,  
I wish to have as many souls and eyes  
T'admire and gaze, as stars are in the skyes;  
And yet mine extasie would be but small  
In such excesse, to see this newborne All,  
The wearied rolling heavens, the exhausted earth  
Like to the Eagle hath renewed their birth  
And lookes, so young, so gay, as when of old  
Th'eternall King cast them in virgine mould,  
Or first came out of the eternall treasure,  
Embellisht with the riches of all pleasure.  
The heavens displays a sweet and smyling grace,  
Without a wrinkle, or spot in their face:  
So do they shine, washt with a Christall flood,  
As then, before the first impostour woo'd  
The King of Creatures to taste the tree  
Of mistique fruit, thus teaching him to die:  
So white the world new-walled did appeare,  
Not stained with debauches of the aire  
As yet, and in their serene infancie  
Of winds and raines, knew note the luxurie.  
How thy embosome the enamour'd earth  
So kindlie now? See how a gentle breath  
Doth feed all living things? VVhat sweetnesse  
In this so universall Amitie.  
O livelie brightnesse! O the beautie rare!  
O force of Sun, and moone! O kindnesse deare  
Of favouring heavens! And where then was your skill  
Till now, that would not make your court'sie kill

Our

*The Yeare of Grace, 1638.*

Our feares and povertie, now you do show  
More sweetnesse then both Arabees do know:  
You have rain'd floudes of Manna, th'earth doth swell  
Pamp' red in richer balme. What time can tell  
Celestiall powers so strongly all combinde,  
As in this year wee wanton worldlings finde?  
Heavens treasures have beene shut till now, but lo  
In golden floudes of pleasures now we flow,  
Powr'd from the cabinet of him who reignes  
(Which this great year proclames) above all Kings:  
With sublunarie pleasures drunk, wee see  
What Heavens can do, and what the Earth can be  
When she hath suckt best influence from above,  
Or when the Sun with crisped rayes makes love:  
When hote flame masculine doth him inspire,  
And makes th'earth pregnant with his vigorous fire.  
Tell me thou Gentle Planet of the day,  
Who through star-poudred Scarf of heaven dost stray,  
Who gilds the heavens, & paints the earth with flowrs,  
And flames of life through Neptunes bosome powres,  
Art Thou the same shyn'd in our Fathers dayes?  
Hath any brighter soul given thee new rayes?  
What new things hath this earthly globe reveal'd?  
What from Thy sight till now hath it conceal'd?  
What change discovers thou in naturall things?  
That thus thou flies 'bout us with glader wings?  
Indeed the Taper which we had before thee  
Was but a sparkling diamond to thy glorie;  
Or like the thin squibes of thy Sisters face,  
When she the cold and silent vault doth grace:  
We must forsooth confesse (Prince of the day)  
Thou 'obleidges heaven and earth in a strange way:  
Thou

*The Yeare of Grace, 1638.*

Thou hast daign'd to'unvaile thy face, and now we see  
Thy naked dy, which masked wont to bee.  
Ah gallant Sun, thy wanton dangling hair  
Provokes the Frolick Earth t'embalme the air,  
Where numberlesse golden atomes of the day  
Hath hanging at each one pearles to array  
Proud Flora, looking like a glorious Bride,  
Attir'd with Majestie on everie side;  
On which the Sun dartes many an amorous look,  
Reading his active beautie on Heavens Book,  
And dressing in Neptunes glasse his jollier haire,  
Each day courts hotlier, and more fine appears:  
No more the Guelded Son of this blest Year  
Need now the anger of barbarous season fear,  
For his rebuke is taken away, and now  
Those fields to which retiring Sun did show  
His fainter face, do laugh as well as those,  
Who can boast of possession of the rose;  
Nay this whole yeere's but a continued May,  
Luxurious in her pride, and best array;  
And look how much the Heavens doe the fire  
Excell, or yet how much the tender Air  
Exceed the grosser VVater, even so  
Each Tyme, each Thing surpasse, their own kinde too;  
The Cloudes weep no more, and forget to raine,  
The Sun to leave us, and to turne his waine;  
The Southern Pole doth wonder at his stay,  
And 'gines to question what moves him to play  
So long within this artick circled clime,  
'Tis cause he'd see the great change of the tyme;  
Which all the Elements do preach; which are  
Not of so ley a mettall as they were.

**But**



*The Yeare of Grace, 1638.*

But more ennobled, and lesse discordant,  
For in this great year of the Covenant  
An all-embracing sweetnesse doth enlive  
Each place and season, now all things do thrive  
A sweet calme influence every where wee see,  
As if each of the Stars had drunk a sea  
Of nectar, and inebriat every flower  
VVith their benigne aspects, and heavenly power.  
VVhere would you send your large enquiring eyes?  
VVould you them feast on th'earth, or on the skyes?  
Or spring through th'air, where Bird briquils & playes,  
And sings to natures-king, with natur'd layes,  
But every where you's finde a strange beautie,  
And reverend sweetnesse kisse your conquered eye:  
Each glorious object fills our curious soul,  
There's nothing now which our desires controule:  
The smyling Heavens, flattering, seeme to praise  
The strong-beam'd Sun, with his refined rayes,  
The fethered voyces, Birdes, devoutly bends  
Their keene and learned bills, which nimbly indents  
Thousand of various checkred conquering noates,  
Darted from mignon prettie warbling throats:  
The stately trees where these sweet woodnymph lodge,  
(These harmlesse painted Syrens, which disgorge  
Their mutuall flames) being wounded with the joy,  
And sweetnesse of the espoused harmonic  
Did amber teares, weep, cause they could not know  
Either to dance or sing, els they'd do so  
And keep a part, yet look they gladlie shake  
Their curl'd topes, throwing blossomes to awake  
The sleeping Naides in their christall streames  
And joine their mirth with their natures athemes,  
VVherein

VWherein each pittie nature courtes the great  
Their own discords, and passions do forget.  
The swelling angry winds, who whipt the Sea;  
The terrour of the woods which wount to be  
Rolling a lowring Horrour through the deep,  
Afrighting Mortals in their harmlesse Sleep,  
VVith soft and silken wings now gently creep,  
Solliciting the winter flowres to peep,  
And with authoritie as Heavens coole Fan  
Correcting proud Don *Phæbus* melting flame.  
Their spicknard breathes do laughing blossomes blow  
To our labouring trees, and frutes upon them throw,  
And gentlie call out from their cloistered gemmes  
Our Pestan Roses glorying on their stemmes.  
The Arabian winds which boasted that they were  
Composed not as other meteors are  
But made of Amber Spirits, now do give  
Their best elixer, and do murmuring strive,  
VVhich shall our flowres most kindly entertaine,  
And flatter Flora in an amorous straine.  
You pride of nature, glorie in the year,  
Svvet flowres, vvhat Genius bade you appeare  
In your best garments? VVould you be renovnd  
Cause each of you is worth a dyamound.  
If Pythagorick transmigration could  
Mongst flowres, and trees establish'd be, I would  
Say that these lovelie soules this year are come  
To inhabite you from the Elezium,  
Your swet Sabeian odours choak us now,  
You have Arabian perfumes stifled too:  
Rare Beauties of rare Favour, whence be you,  
With your so prettie pride and uncouth hew?

B

I think

*The Yeare of Grace, 1638.*

I thinke you be descended from that race  
Of Floracs People, which did Eden grace,  
Your Pompe's unusuall, and yee seeme to come  
Natures Embassadours, for to tell some  
Strange glory of this age, t'assure the land  
Of Heavens acceptance of this Covenant,  
Which it hath sealed with our common King;  
This is belike the Sermon you do bring  
Your painted faces, and your pleasant light  
Makes of our Earth a constellation bright:  
Shine boldly Daughters of this blessed year;  
Rejoice you glittering Troupe, and do not fear  
That Summers angry Heat, and fretting Cold  
Of your sadde enemy darre be so bold  
Zou to importune, or to robe your glorie  
Ne'er eare did heare, ne'er eye did read in storie  
Such yeare as this you're come to celebrate,  
Appointed by deare Providence, not Fate,  
VWherein Heavens spheares do give a prettier dance,  
And the great Mover will have no offence  
Given to any sublunarie Creature  
(Sweet trees and flowres) but that your joy and pleasure,  
May be secure, and full, freed from the fear  
Of unkinde Sun, or injuries of the year.  
Put forth aspiring Mountains these your lillies  
VWhite as the snow in Salmon, you O valleyes,  
VWhich with your violets like a garment are  
Most proudly cled, and fragrant as the myrre,  
You likewise solemnize this happie yeare  
And stretch your carpets which embrodered are  
By natures hand, who with Sydonian dye  
Thrice drunk doth entertaine the dancing eye:

Behold



The Yeare of Grace, 1638.

Behold this is the year of our great feast,  
The world is beautified, and we're oppress'd  
With riches and delights, which do as far  
Exceed before times, as the Idalian star  
Outshines the lay meteors in the air  
Or shrinking shrubs, o'ertop the Cedars fair.  
Those Heaven-beloved trees do drinke no more  
The vulgar vapors, as they did before,  
But feedes on Spirites of the Nobler Rose  
Alambiqued by the enquiring nose  
Of *Phæbus* steeds, who snaring flames and light  
Doe yeeld a relish of a strange delight.  
Now interwist good Trees your amorous armes,  
Freely possesse your self in those your charmes,  
No Shriv'ling winde dare now to teare your Hair  
Now doth your freiz'd beruques sprusse appear,  
The incivile Zephyres who were wont to rove  
Amongst your treasures, rushing from the Cove,  
Who all your dainties riffled, and threw down  
Your Pride; your children humbled to the ground:  
Those winds which your yet tender fruit did make  
All orphanes, and your selfe did cause to shake  
For very fear, now they do no more so,  
But kindly taim'd more mercifully blow.  
If any of our forefathers should arise  
From natures cold bed, and lift up his eyes  
Behold the Heavens renew'd, the Earth refin'd  
The glory of all the Elements sublim'd  
The beautie of the never-lowring Sun,  
The sweetnesse of the ever-pleasing Moone,  
The riches of each tree, blush of each rose,  
The treasures which golden Ceres doth disclose,

*The Yeare of Grace, 1638.*

And that before her time, he shall straight smile  
And say, This must be sure the fortunat Ile  
Or the *Helperids*, blessed with the dew  
Of Heaven, wherein most lavishlie did grow  
The golden aples; or else he would conceive  
Both Poles, were changed, and the Spheres to have  
Some other motion, or the Sun to approach  
From Southerne people his eternall Coach,  
And us below the Equator for toly,  
Where loftier Sun darts his directer rays;  
And where he doth dispense a prouder light  
From his sublimer Throne flaming more bright.  
This good oldman, reviv'd, which never saw  
But ordinarie yeares, would stand in aw  
To call this *Scotland*, nay, sure he would be  
Like One transported to sweet *Arabie*  
From some cold hungrie melancholick clime,  
To see the change of season, place, and tyme.  
All other yeares being paragon'd with this;  
Nor soul, nor life; nor beautie have, nor blesse;  
And lookes but like a winter, when these dayes  
Doe glory in triumphing matchlesse rayes.  
Like as the hostes of stars do shrink away;  
When gentle *Phebe* cometh foorth to play,  
At whose appearing in her fuller grace  
Asham'd, like sillie people they hide their face,  
And doth retire to a distance, for if shee  
Approach too nee, drown'd with her glorie they die:  
So other yeeres that were the lights of time  
The glory of *Chronicles*, must now think shame,  
And hold themselves but rags when this shall be  
A dyademe to all Eternitie.

Th

*The Yeare of Grace, 1638.*

The former years to this were but Aurore,  
And served to usher forth this great yeares Glore,  
Were but thin shades to that great Majestie  
Which now appears cloath'd with felicitie.  
Nature hath spent her Spirit for to trime  
Her self with Buskings, and to grace the tyme,  
Strain'd all her Force and Riches for to show  
Unto the world what wonders shee can do,  
She hath taught heavens spheres to utweave a year so fine  
That of this Twist they have no more behinde  
Which sweetlie doth erect it's statelie head,  
O'relooking other humble yeares as dead,  
Termines the Worlds hopes, who wondering gaze:  
And crownes it worthie of immortall Bayes.  
Who so the beautie of this yeare would show  
And paint it all exactlie, he must know  
First, how to outstare the Sun, with his faint eyes,  
Number the Sand, and Dyamounds in the skyes,  
For every Season, every Month and Day,  
Each blushing apple, at the Suns proud ray  
Each forrest, Garden, each embrodered Bray,  
Each rose, each lillie, each brave busked tree,  
Each of their leaves, each atome of the Sun,  
When he is newborne, or when he's going down;  
Each twinkle of a star, or her sweet smile,  
Who did the boy Endimion ne'er beguile  
Would be too thronged in a volume great;  
And craves more lines then my poore pen can get,  
The Pagnim Poets who can magnifie  
A fillie rose, and base things deifie,  
Who nature rude thinke that they do obscure,  
Metamorphosing, violets in stars pure

Can



*The Year of Grace, 1638.*

Can no more reach the glory of this time  
And seasons beautie, nor they can confine  
The boundlesse Ocean in their narrow quill,  
Or with few atomes all this All can fill;  
Yet let's admire what we cannot attaine;  
And prattle as we may with thankfull, straine  
While that the rest of Nations all do burne  
With jealousie, holding themselves forelorne.  
You Mistres of the world, and Europes eye;  
You Land, which doth in natures bosome ly;  
And you, who never saw our Chairles-waine  
Lazie Bootes, and Cassiopea shine;  
And you who looke alike to both the Poles,  
Whose double Summers no angry Heavens controllies,  
All you who thought Heavens spheres did roll for you,  
And you alone, be not offended now;  
And spare your grudging, if we honoured be  
More by the Heavens, dearer to them nor yee.  
Stand by neglected Nations, Trouble not  
Our feasting, and our mirth, nor interrupt  
Our just conceived joy, learne to admire  
Heavens power, and our felicitie this yeare:  
And you belov'd Indwellers of the land  
Crown'd with advantages, Come hand in hand  
Let's shout till we do drown the Spheres in Heaven  
Arrest the Sun to stand, and Planets seven,  
And make the God of the fift Sphere throw' way  
His foolish sword, descend, and with us play;  
Each thing within the Universe expresse  
A sympathie of our joy and blessednesse  
Come blow the trumpet, blow you heavens, rejoice,  
Be glad O Earth, Proud Sea, lift up your voice,  
Come

*The Teare of Grace, 1638.*

Come with your olive garlands, come vvith palmes  
Or with Uranias flowres, and sing your Psalmes  
You Virgine daughters, come you damessells all,  
And Syons mountain enter shall the Ball;  
Reach me my warbling lute, and I'll accord  
Th' espoused vaines, sollicite every cord;  
I'll court the Ladiēf lyres, whose sacred wombe  
All Graces, all sweet Melodie doth entombe,  
Bring me my pleasant Harpe, my Gythare dear,  
And I will joine with you, I'll strain an air  
So sweet, so full, as shall you Hilles entrance  
And make their Trees come laughing heer, and dance,  
So doth a Candle help the Sun to see,  
So doth a fillie Streame ingrosse the Sea;  
So doth the Heaven in Arras work appeare  
With every emprison'd Star and silent Sphere,  
As my Rash Muse hath now diffused her layes  
And whispered as shee could the great yeares praise  
Awaking highbred sprites that weare the Bayes,  
To stretch their numbers, their proud notes to raise.

*Sic erat in factis.*

FINIS.